A KNOT OF HAIR.

She has a knot of russet hair;
It seems a simple thing to wear
Through years, despite of fashion's check,
The same deep coil about the neck;
But there it twined
When first I knew her,
And learned with passion to pursue her,
And, if she changed it, to my mind
She were a creature of new Kind.

On others she may flash the wise, Strong light of apprehending eyes, And make who from sher beauty great With hopes that awe and stimulate. The happy lot Be mine to follow These threads through levels.

Oh, first of women who bast laid
Magnetic glory on a braid!
In others' tresses we may mark
If they be silken, blonde or dark;
But thine we praise.
And dare not feel them;
Not Hermes, god of theft, dare steam them;
It is enough for aye to gaze
Upon their vivifying maze.

—The Academ

A PHILISTINE CONFESSION.

Fain would I sing in Minor key of woc, In modern fashion, could I only bannis. The sunshine from my heart; 'tis quite d Eut it won't vanis h!

"Court pessimism," arge my cultured friends;
"Think how brute force the world sets spin
ning blindly;
How to blank misery existence tends!"
(They mean it kindly).

"Surely," they cry, "at least you can despair? Condemn to darkness all that once seeme Condemn to darkness an that brightest?

brightest?

Feel you no loathing for the fate you share?"

No-not the slightest:

Yet fortune, too, has mocked me with he moods, Her fickle wings, atack! she's lightly shaken; And left me care for comrade; while my goods The jade has taken.

"Well, then?"-well, then, I smile (and so 'twere

For poor contentment's slave to ape the poet); "You think God's balance tits the loss with gain?"
Nay, friend-I know it!
-London Spectator,

Stories of Life.

A NECK-TIE PARTY IN NEW MEXICO-YARNS ILLUSTRATIVE OF MODERN MANNERS.

A NECKTIE FESTIVAL.

Written for the Standard

AVAJO FRANK was a cowboy em. ployed on the Prairie Cattle company's range in New Mexico. His mother was a Navajo squaw and his reputed father a Spanish Indian trader. Frank grew up at the Indian agency, inheriting all the vices, but none of the vir-tues of both races. At an early age he went on a cattle range, and soon became a good rider and an expert "roper." His skill with the lariet was remarkable, and in all "roping" contests he engaged in, he casily vanquished all opponents. He was strong, athletic and active; but his intel-lectual powers were limited. He was of a morose and quarrelsome disposition, and was feared, hated or despised by all the cowboys on the range.

Navajo Frank, seemed to take a delight, when he went into the small towns, getting drunk, riding at full speed through the streets, and roping animals that he overtook. He cared nothing for the police as he was always well mounted and could easily escape arrest. After he had amused himself sufficiently and frightened the women and children by his reckss riding and ear-spliting yells be would go back to the range.

One day in the summer of 1882- Navaio came into the little town of Las Vegas. In a short time he had his "tank full" and soon began his peculiar amusement. He rode through the narrow streets at full speed and "roped" stray dogs, cows and burros; but this sport was too tame for him. So he rode down the plaza. An aged Mexican was leisurely strolling along, smoking a cigarette and enjoying the walk. Navajo Frank spurred his horse, gave a yell, and as he passed his victim, threw his rope and artistically caught the old gentleman, the noose en rs. whi the rope threw him to the ground with a fearful force. Not satisfied with this, he dragged his prostrate victim over the rough and stony ground for half a block, and then released him, leaving the old Mexican half dead and badly battered up. Several spectators, who were unarmed, remonstrated with Navajo Frank at his inhuman conduct, but he only laughed at them and threatened to rope them the same way if they tried to arrest him. The spectators picked the old man up, sent him home and engaged a doctor to care for his injuries. Navajo Frank, to escape

The next day the sheriff went out on the range, arrested Navajo Frank and con-That night about 30 citizens of the town held a secret meeting and determined to take Navajo Frank out of the jail and lynch him. The report that the old man Navajo Frank had roped had died from the effects of the brutal treatment received, only made the citizens more termined to lynch the brutal half-breed.

VAY

At 3 o'clock that night a "select comarmed with Winchesters, sur rounded the little adobe jail, woke up the jailer and demanded that they be given Navajo Frank. The jailer refused this triffing request, and said that he would defend the prisoner under his care at the peril of his life, and emphasized his intentions by shoving out of the door the muzzle

The "committee" replied they did not intend to harm any of the prisoners; but they would have Navajo Frank if they had to tear the jail down. While some were parlying with the jailer at the front door others attacked the rear walls with crow bars and picks, seeking to effect an en trance into the jail. The adobe walls offered but slight resistance and soon a hole was made large enough to admit then; into the room where the prisoners were confined. The prisoners had been asleep in their bunks, but now they were wide awake and dressed. They set up a fearful racket, thinking they were all to be lynched. Some of the lynchers had crawled through the hole in the jail wall and were in the midst of the prisoners. Navajo Frank was dressing was cool and collected. He told that he was going to be hanged. and was asked to hurry up and crawl through the hole. Being only partly dressed, Navajo Frank asked for time to put on his shoes, coat and vest, as he was cold. The lynchers replied they had no time to spare, that he would soon be in a country so warm that he would not need any clothing; and cut the matter short by shoving him through the hole in the jail wall, and soon had him on the outside, The prisoner was placed in the middle of the throng and his arms tied. The vigilantes, after leaving men to guard the

an active young fellow climbed it, and

soon a running rope was dangling from

Navajo Frank was given ten minutes to say his prayers, but he said he did not know any, but would like a drink of whiskey and to smoke a cigarette. His request was granted. When asked why he roped and killed the aged Mexican he said, "that the old man walked too slow and that he wanted to try his new rope and see if it was a good one." After smoking his cigarette, he told the crowd that he was ready. His arms and feet were pinioned, the noose placed around his neck, and at a signal he was hoisted into the air by willing bands pulling on the end of the rope. He struggled convulsively and his body writhed and twisted in all kinds of shapes, as he slowly strangled to death. Several Winchesters were emptied into the dangling form as it hung pendant in mid air, and in less than five minutes life was over, and Navajo Frank had roped his last victim. The vigilantes went home well satisfied with their work. But some of them were chagrined the next day on learning that the old Mexican whom Navajo Frank had roped, was not dead, but on the contrary, was still alive and would probably recover from his in juries. That surmise proved true, as the old man was able, two days after, to sit up, and from his window viewed the limited funeral procession of Navajo Frank pass by on the way to the pauper grave-yard, where Navajo Frank was "planted"

A Mexican alcade and jury cut down the body of Navajo Frank and held an inquest, and after a day's wrestling with the prob-lem decided that Navajo Frank "died from strangulation.

Anaconda, June 22, 1892.

at the expense of the county.

IMPUDENT BEARS.

HE boldest, most

bears to be found anywhere are the bears of Maine," said a sportsman who has hunted all kinds of bears but polar bears. "The Maine bear doesn't care a snap for a man, and that is rather queer, for the bears must know that there is a big bounty on their scaips. Bears know everything. When I say that the Maine bears don't care a snap for a man I don't mean that he is any more apt to tackle a man than any other bear is, but that he will go into a man's barnyard that he will go into a man's barnyard after a calf or a sheep or a pig, into his orchard after apples, into his cornfleid or into his yard and knock over the bee skips for the honey, although the man may be standing not three rods away, with a gun at that. The brazen impudence on the part of the Maine bear is what makes him such a terror to the farmers in the state, and it more than anythig else led to the putting of a price on his lead. It has also led to the invention of many devices for destroying the hold his head. It has also led to the invention of many devices for destroying the bold marauder by the farmers themselves. The favorite one of these is the trap gun. This is simply an ordinary gun charged heavily with buckshot, baited, and placed in a cornfield or other place where the bear is likely to pay a visit with foraging intent. is likely to pay a visit with foraging intent. The bait and gun are so arranged that the instant the bear touches the former the latter is discharged, and in nine cases out of ten the quantity of lead bruin receives in his head and face holds him down so effectually that when the farmer goes out in the morning he finds the bear dead, and the carcass is a more valuable crop to him than anything any two acres of his land could yield him, for the bounty, and the hide, and the meat ought to represent \$40 or \$50 in cold cash to the agriculturist.

the agriculturist.
"The trap gun don't always do its work so thoroughly, though, that the farmer finds the bear dead, and the worst torn-up so thorough, though, that the lariner sinds the bear dead, and the worst torn-up man I ever saw was a farmer named Simon Harvey, who made a little miscal-culation once on a bear that had touched off a trap gun that had been set for him. Harvey was a backwoods farmer who lived in the wild region back of Bangor. A bear having played havoc for some time with Harvey's farm products, both in growing crops and live stock, the farmer rigged up a trap gun to see what it could do toward ridding the community of that particular bear, all other means to that end having failed. He was helped in rigging up the gun by one Bill Johnson, a woodsman, and Johnson, fortunately for Harvey, went with him when he started to visit his gun the morning after.

"The two men were drawing near to the spot where the gun was set when they

spot where the gun was set when they heard it go off. They hurried forward and saw the bear, a tremendous fellow, writhing on the ground and bellowing like a buil. He was badly wounded, but not a buil. He was badly wounded, but not so badly but that when he saw the two men he could get quickly to his feet and make a grand rush for them. He threw himself upon Harvey and felled him to the ground with a blow of one paw that knocked the farmer senseless. Then the bear clayed and chewed and ripped Harvey to such an extent that when Johnson had lantes, after leaving men to guard the broken wall to prevent the escape of the remaining prisoners, [apologized to the jailer for having disturbed his repose, took up their line of march to the suburbs of the town. A telegraph pole was found,

stripped to the bone in many places, and his chest was fearfully lacerated. In sew-ing up Harvey's wounds the doctor used up over four spools of silk thread. The farmer was alive when I left that part of the region, but they had little hope of his recovery. I never heard whether he got well or not, but the bear weighed over 400 pounds.

recovery. I never heard whether he got well or not, but the bear weighed over 400 pounds.

"The country around Bangor, say within twenty or thirty miles, is the most prolific bear region I ever struck. The bears seem to rise up out of the ground and look at you as you pass by, if they let you pass by without a protest. The last time I was over there the people in the vicinity of Maxfield were all broke up over the wickedness of a tough and cunning old bear, whose exploits had won him the name of Old Ranger. He was a great orchard thief, and had escaped from no end of traps, and it was estimated at that time if he should drop dead just then and his weight was taken, not less than 10 pounds of his avoirdupois would be represented by lead that had been shot into him any time within the five years then past. The whole of Penobscot county knew that bear, but he defied the whole populace until a farmer named Sawyer got so mad one day over some especially aggravating depredation the old bear had committed on his premises that he took his hig moose gun and swore that he would go out and lay Old Ranger low before he came home again or die in the attempt. But Sawyer, after following the bear three days, modified his oath a little, and came home the third night to see his family. Some time during the night he was awakened by a noise, and he recognized in it the voice, or rather lungs of Old Ranger blowing in the orchard. With great caution Farmer Sawyer awoke his farm hands and got together a small aimy of men. Armed with guns, axes, pitchforks and other weapons, and carrying a dozen lanterns, the hostile forces surrounded. But he didn't, and when he at last discovered the danger in the orchard, and for the first time in his life the tough and wily bear found himself in a corner. There was only one outlet to the woods from the orchard, and that was guarded by eight men with guns, including Sawyer's moose gun, but he run the gauntlet and kept right on for the woods. In spite of his wounds the tenacious old brute led the ho pounds.
"The country around Bangor, say with-

terrible front. By the light of the lanterns Farmer Sawyer gave the bear both barrels of his moose gun and Old Ranger's race was run. The big bear was lashed to two stout poles and the great carcass was borne into Maxfield by the triumphant hunters. When the people of the village heard that Old Ranger had been kiffed sleep was given over for the night and daylight found the populace still rejoicing over the downfall of the dreaded marauder. Old Ranger weighed 460 pounds."—New York Sun.

BOTH OF THEM.

You can read unti! you tire
Of the pretty summer girl,
And the swain will tune his lyre
Just to sing this dainty pearl,
And he'll find her at the races,
Dress her up in lawn and laces,
And he'll make you very weary of
the

But there's one who has been slighted, And his fondest hopes been blighted. By this gay and giddy damsel Peering shyly o'er her fan. And he's spent his hard earned cases, Just to take her to the races. Might I ask you what's the matter with

mer Man?

-Pittsburg Press.

DOWN BY A BULLDOG. NLY a few Californians even re MLY a few Calley Bridge's bullpup member how Harry Gillig's bullpup put down a rebellion in Hawaai. George Nagle, who was there at the time thus told a San Francisco Examiner re porter the story: "We were at the islands some years ago-Harry Gillig, Frank Unger, myself and 'Pierrot.' 'Pierrot' was Harry's bull pup, the joy of his owner's life, the pride of his heart. He a flerce, bloodthirsty-looking brute and whenever a true sport would pass him the covetous regard which the man would show for the dog would make the cold chills of apprehension play leap frog in chillis of apprehension play map frog in Gillig's spinal morrow. As a matter of fact, though, Pierrot was a playful and quite as harmless as a kitten. Well, at the Islands David Kalakaua was king—and a kindlier man never lived. He showed us harmer harmone in the solution is a ranged feasts in our behalf, made me governor of an island for a day and lost his money to us at poker. There was a condition then prevailing at the islands somewhat similar to that preceding the recent arrest of Wilcox, Ashford and the other conspirators. Dis-content muttered on the corners. An indefatigable strain was in the content muttered on the corners. An indefatigable strain was in the political atmosphere. The army was giving trouble. It had felt its power by putting down the first Wilcox revolution. It became unreasonable in its demands, and the king was soon involved in trouble with his own troops. You know the Hawaiian army consists of about sixty-seven men and half as many officers. But though small, it is the one military prop of the island kingdom, and military prop of the island kingdom, and it has relatively as much power and im-portance as the kaiser's marshaled mil-lions.

"At last it came. One night as Gillig

and I sat on the porch of our cottage we heard 'the roll of the stirring drum.' and the clangorous marching of armed

men.
"The revolution has begun! The army
is marching on the palace! shouted Gillig. Being a brave, aggressive man, Harry
lig. Being a brave, and started on the run grabbed a revolver and started on the run for the palace inclosure. Being more or less of a fool, I suppose, I ran after him without a revolver. Being a dog, Pierrot ran after us both. When we reached the palace we found the entire army just drawing into line in front of it! There was all the thunder of the captains and the shouting which a man's heart could wish. The army had come to make a de-mand on the king, and was presented to mand on the king, and was prepared to enforce it with bullet and bayonet. "Now pretty much everything on that trip had been arranged for Pierrot's amusement. So when he saw the glori-ously caparisoned army drawn up in the

glare of the palace lamps he supposed it was there as a part of his fun. With a bark and a bound he started to enjoy the

bark and a bound he started to enjoy the army.

"When Pierrot started for the army the army saw him coming. With his bow ligs, wide jaw and red, overhanging jowl, he seemed a ravening beast. His onslaught was quick and noisy. The army stood its ground a moment and then began to beat a retreat. The retreat was in an instant a rout. The rout became a scramble, with the dog take the hindmost of every man's motto. This was all the more fun for Pierrot. He gave expressions to his joy with wild yowls of delight. Every few moments a gorgeous officer or slightly more subdued private would come leaping through the trees, in a yellow cloud of fear; Pierrot playfully cuffing his heels until attracted by some other scattered remnant of the leaguering host.

host.
"The rebellion was suppressed, Kala-kaua was maintained on the throne and Hawaii was again at peace—all on account of Harry Gillig's bull pup."

A MATTER OF SOAP.

T was washday at the house of the Fergusons. The clothes had been in soak for more than an hour. The laundry lady in the basement came up-stairs to report that the soap, which had come yet.

"Lycurgus," said Mrs, Ferguson, "you will have to go to the grocery store and get it. We can't wait any longer." get it. We can't wait any longer."

Mr. Ferguson went to the grocer's, whose place of business was seven blocks

whose place of business was seven blocks away.

"How does it happen," he demanded fiercely, "that the soap my wife ordered three hours ago hasn't come yet?"

"She ordered a lot of other stuff at the same time," said one of the clerks, "and we filled the order as quick as we could. The boy with the delivery wagon is on the way there now."

Mr. Ferguson went back home. Mrs. Ferguson reported that the grocer's boy had come and had delivered everything she had ordered—except the soap. It had been overlooked somehow.

Mr. Ferguson, boiling over with wrath, was about to start on another trip for that

was about to start on another trip for that soap, when the laundry lady made her ap-

pearance again.
"There's a man at the back door," she said, "with an order book in his hand. I think it's the grocer nimself." Then Mr. Ferguson went to the back

You've come yourself this time, have

"You've come yourself this time, have you?" he shouted.
"Yes, sir," said the man.
"Got that soap?"
"No, sir, but—"
"You haven't! Do you know, sir, that we have been waiting all this morning for a few bars of cheap, common yellow soap, sir? Do you know that I've had to make a trip to your store on purpose for that soap myself and then did not get it? What kind of way is that for a man to do business? We could have waited an hour or two longer for the lettuce and the co-coanut and the strawberries and the can of tomatoes—"

"But—"
"And there wasn't any particular burry
for the broom and the scrubbing brush
and the peck of potatoes. But we wanted
the soap. The girl's been waiting for it
for two or three hours—"
"But I—"
"And a whole washing is going to ruin
for want of it! I won't stand it! You
can't play a trick like that on me a second
time. We've only been is this house two
weeks, and we have got all our groceries
from you. We have ordered something
every time the boy has come round. We
have spent more than £0 at your store,
and we're not going to spend any more.
You've got every cent out of us you're
going to get. We shall try some other going to get. We shall try some other grocer. You will find it doesn't pay

"Will you let me say just a word?"
"It won't do you any good, sir. My
mind is made up. What do you want to

say?"
"I'm the ice man."—Chicago Tribune.

A DEAD NIGGER BRINGS LUCK

PAY night in the camp. The woods blazing pine knots. Around big temporary tables, blanket covered, in the woods, the darkies cluster with gleaming eyes as the dice roll and the "pass picker called the game. The stakes are wagered on every side, all down the table, as present player with threat and cajolery

"Hah! (snap), seben, seben, come

The dice roll six.
"Fo bits I make my pint."
"Shoot, nigger, I'se got you faded."
"Hah! (snap), go devil!"
The dice roll six.

"Done tole you I make my pint."
"Hah! (snap), fo', fo' Little Joe."
The dice roll six.
"Six ergin. Two dollahs I make my

Don't argyfy, nigger, I fade you ergin.' "Hah (snap), come six an' doan'

Dice roll six.
"Done t le yer dese dice doan deceib."
Picks up dice again.
"Here, nigger, down dem dice," to pass
picker, "'For God, Bluelight, dat nigger's
rung in hosses. Dese dice make six on
ebery side!"
The conspirator endeavors to draw his
arm, but Bluesight, too quick for him

The conspirator endeavors to draw his gun, but Bluesight, too quick for him, plugs him through the heart with his ready pistol and he falls beneath the table dead, his cheated winnings in his hand.
"Hah (snap). Two bits I pass. Make yer game. De dice is rollin' and a dead nigger brings luck!"
And so it does. To some good, to some bad. Men and women, black and yellow, they win or lose all through the sultry night while the dice roll. "Hah (snap), I got yer, A dead nigger brings luck."—New York World.

HELENA'S POPULATION.

Off to the encampment! Colonels—twenty score!
Majors—fificen hundred, an the governor making more!
Captains—ain't they plentiful! three hundred by the count.
An' fifty-seven generals!—hold their horses till they moint!
There's thirteen hundred corporals a-brinin' up the rear:

the rear: They'll all be major generals by the time they're landed there! An'-tell it low!—in all that show, one private not a sham;
's posin' in the circus, an' he dos'n care a
-clam?

-Atlanta Constitution.

HOW TOMMY CAME HOME.

66 CTRANGER," said the old man. coming closer, "if ever you war a father you will know how I feel this night; that boy have been down in the big city fer so long now, goin' on to

day that he was comin' home ternight; and after it. Somehow he miscalculated, and

day that he was comin' home ternight; and the old lady is up in the cabbin, with a blazin' fire an' lots of things cooked up fer to welcome him hum. We have a fiddler and some of the boys 'il just drop in like an' make things lively, white all the gals about the place 'il be there, sure. Don' (you think he il like it, eh?'' "Indeed I do. It will be grand."

"Well, my eye. They do say as how Tommie has grown in the big city, an' how he's gettin' way up in the business world. But he was never no boy ter ferget his old friends. There is a Pete Taylor an' Abe Gosling an' Hi Sloan an' Rube Tingler an' all the rest. Rube has brought up his big bassoon, an' you bet there will be high old times. All the gals have on pink ribbons an' white dresses. Say, stranger, suppose you draps in at the party, ch? an' leads the of woman out fer a whirl in the mazy?"

Just then there was a loud shriek, and the train care therefore. Just then there was a loud shriek, and se train came thundering around the

curve,
"It's him, it's him dead sure!" cried the "It's him, it's him dead sure?" cried the old man, gleefully. "You bet it's my Tommy come home agin. Gosh it all, I kinder wish now I'd put a bit more taller on the cowhides so as to make 'em shine

Same."
The old man's face glowed with expectation. Half a dezen passengers left the train. Finally out came a tall, pink and white, blue-eyed dude, sucking a cane and wearing a tuft of hair between his eyes. "Father," he said, as the old man wrung his hand, "dear-r father-r, have a swigagerette,"—Recorder

HIS FIRST HONORS.

HE sun is high in the heavens Cloudless the turquoise sky limits the burning plain. Drifted heaps of glistening sand show from what direc-tion came the last flery gale that uncovered those dissevered polished bones-mute witnesses of unquenched thirst-and with rough hands readjusted the winding sheet that covers the blunted features of the desert. Black rocks, remnants of long

desert. Black rocks, remnants of long dead volcanic fires, raise their riven creats above the sea and sand, fit home for deadly snake and insect. Near by, winds a half-obliterated trail.

From the wavering horizon a figure emerges, slowly approaching and taking form and color—a man leading a pack horse laden with a prospector's belongings slung to the saddle; a ritle awaits the owner's hand. Slowly the tired man leads the tired beast; at the cliffs they stop. The water keg is unlashed from the pack, the miner's hat serves for a pail and with many a kindly word the journey has resumed.

Friends, these two, alone in a waste of sand and sky.

Listen! What vibrant sound? What hiss stirred the dead air? No snake's alarum! that arrow quivering in the fallen form—that bronzed figure among the rocks with tense brow and ready shaft tell the brief ster.

form—that bronzed figure among the rocks with tense brow and ready shaft tell the brief story.

The man lies motionless. Soon the pack-horse is unloaded and the little all that a few moments ago belonged to the motionless one is scattered on the sands. With grave curiosity the Indian boy examines the unfamiliar things and selects those that; pleased his fancy. The rifle lies across his knees. Then the hunter examines his quarry and leaves it, reft of the Indian's token of conquest.

His work is done. When the sun rose he was an unnoticed boy, armed with a bow and arrows. Now he is an Apache warrior, created by his own act, his title parchment a scalp.

Up a wooded canyon disappears an Indian boy, beating the exhausted horse that he rides with the bow that he no longer values. Out on the lonesome desert the drifting has resumed its never-ending task of covering and uncovering.—Short Stories.

SALLIE'S RUN FOR LIFE.

ROR years to come the war between fruitful theme for story writers, for it was filled with many incidents of daring dventure and romantic hardibood. But there is one story which will probably be told oftener than all others on account of the participants in the incident which is its groundwork.

When the avenging army of cattlemen came across the border there was one man who was especially wanted, as he was supposed not only to be the head of the rustler organization, but his house was the headquarters of all the men who were known as being opposed to the big-cattle-men who owned stock by the thousands.

men who owned stock by the thousands. This ranch was especially favored by the cowboys on account of the presence of a daughter of Harvey Williams, the owner. She was the belle of the border, and her nerve and daring many times put to shame the cowboys who shirked duty or trouble on bad nights. She had only to say go and all would go, flying with each other in their efforts to win smiles from the young queen of the prairies.

When the invading band came into the country Harvey heard of it, and, as he was unable to get his family away before they came down upon him, he barricaded his home and determined to fight it out, hoping for the arrival of some of the boys from the range to help him out.

His daughter Sailie said that she would soon bring the boys, and despite the pleading of her parents she slipped to the stable, and before the invaders were fully aware of what she had done she was on the back of one of the fastest horses in the country and flying away to where she knew a number of cowboys were camped. This ranch was especially favored by

Futile pursuit was made by the cattle-men, for they could have as easily caught the wind. When the pursuers saw her the wind. When the pursuers saw her heading for the cowboy camp they realized that she had gone for reinforcements and beat a retreat and called off the besieging force, as they could not risk a battle at

that time.

To the shame of the invading cattle men it is told that they fired several shots at the flying girl, two bullets striking her

clothing and one wounding her horse in the hip slightly.—Fort Worth Gazette. TOWSER MET HIS MATCH.

bit of meat cast on the lake in one of the parks of Allegheny City re-cently gave a forcible illustration of the renowned pugilistic qualities of the genus Auser. The scrap was tossed to an old gray gander, sailing and dipping majestically back and forth, with his barem at a safe and respectful distance behind him. Just as he made a graceful dive forward a stray dog, of hungry aspect and venturesome turn of mind, made for the meat also. The gander paused, astonish-ment written in every line of his craned neck and extended wines. The dog neek and extended wings. The dog friskily brought up at the water's edge and reached out a paw. The covered morsel was midway between him and the gander. Quick as thought the gander slapped the water with his wings, beating the scrap below the surface and diving

after it. Somehow he miscalculated, and when he came up the morsel was dancing a few feet away. The dog, with a sly wink at the Pittsburg Times reporter on the side of the lake, was softly dimpling the water with his paw. At every wave the scrap came nearer to him. The harem drew closer around its lord, and the oldest in the flock gave a few words of advice to him. She received a sound slap with a wing, apparently a command to mind her own business. Just as the dog reached out for the meat the gander gave a lunge also. Bill and paw both missed it. It disappeared only to rise tantalizingly a few feet away.

The dog was no longer hilarious. There was too serious business, and he ran up and down the shore, barking angrily, while the gander retired to wreak vengeance on his hapless harem. A moment later, seing the scrap almost ashore on the waves on the conflict, he made a sudden dash. So did the dog. They met, and for a few seconds gray wings, dog hair and wild screams of purp and gander filled the air. Then the dog trotted slowly away with a face full of religious ferver turned toward the theological seminary, while the gander, wiping the sweat of victory from his brow, carried the scrap, for which he seemed to have lost his appetite, to his proud family.

TWO GRAVES.

TWO GRAVES.

HEN I was with Meiggs on the Andes," said a guest at the Palace hotel, San Francisco, to an Argus reporter recently, "we had many strange experiences. For instance, I remember the surveyors had run a line across the top of a mountain, the highest for miles. Directly in the way was a large, irregular boulder that looked as though dropped from a cliff, only there was no cliff, and, as I said, looked as though dropped from a cliff, only there was no cliff, and, as I said, the bowlder was on the very crest of the mountain. It took a long time to blast it out of the way. When it had been broken up and the pieces rolled into the valley we had to make a deep cut in the mountain itself. About three feet below the surface we cut into a pair of graves, with the remains of a man in each. There was only enough left to show that the bodies were those of tall men, I should say several inches above six feet. The laborers were mostly Chinese and manifested no surprise. The few native laborers did not know even of a shadow of tradition concerning any ancient race there. No force that engineers control now could have brought that boulder up the mountain. Nobody could have burrowed under the boulder. My only theory is that an some time ages away cliffs towered above the mountain we crossed. A fragment was hurled on the mountain top where the graves were. Then as to what became of the cliffs, and why the fragment they cast was preserved while they themselves vanished, I have no theory. Oh, we saw plenty of strange things when I was with Meiggs on the Andes."

AN ANCIENT GRAVEYARD.

BOUT five miles some lettsville, Tenn., is a large farm known as the Morrison Stratton known as the Captain An-BOUT five miles south of Goodfarm. It is now owned by Captain An-drew Dale, who was once a large lumber dealer on the Cumberland. Captain Dale drew Dale, who was once a large lumber dealer on the Cumberland. Captain Dale has been living on this farm for seven years. In a large grass lot near the house last spring the captain noticed quite a number of rocks standing edgewise in the ground. To satisfy his curiosity he began to dig. He discovered at once that he had struck a rock vault, and in it he found a human skeleton. This led to further investigation and a great many of these vaults are not more than four and four and a half feet long. In them were found human bones and teeth which undoubtedly represented a people low of stature, but of good size for the height. For this reason Captain Dale thinks that they represent a people that antedate the Indians. The skeletons are not more than a foot and a half from the surface of the earth. Local scientists account for this by a process of erasion which has been going on perhaps for ages. The vaults are made of limestone rock, except the top, and that is slate. Captain Dale is unable to account for this, since there is no slate on his farm or the one adjoining it. Many of the teeth of the skeletons are in a good state of preservation. There is no such a thing as a whole skeleton; many of the small bones have gone back into dust.

LESLIE THORN'S SONG.

NOTICE in a Buffalo paper," said an old newspaper man, "that Les. lie Thorn, a veteran and able journalist, first of Canada and later of Buffalo, is dead.

a heart as big as a pumpkin, and his pen was as glib as Chauncey Depew's tongue. For years he worked on a Sunday paper, and, of course, Saturday was a hustling and, of course, Saturday was a hustling day for him. He would come to his offlee early and not lay down his pen till night. After a short lunch he would resume his work, grinding out telegraphie and local news till late at night.

"At midnight he would sit up and get the boy to go out for a pitcher of beer. Then after passing the pitcher around to the members of the staff, with the admonition, 'Drink, my son,' he would hold it up and give this toast:

and give this toast:

Here's health to Martin Flannigan's aunt, And I'll tell yez the reason why, she are when she was hungry. And she drank when she was dry.

"An' if iver a man stopped the course of the ean. Martin Flannigan's aunt would ery. Blamed be your soul, why not pass on de bowl, How d'ye know but ye'r neighbor's dry.'

"Then he would drink his beer and tell a story that would make the editorial den shake."—St. Louis Chronicle.

THE MEANEST YET.

The vigilance committee-they strung him up And, swinging from the old oak limb, they left the man to die;
But the next day, in the justice court, with law they had to cope—
They sued the man for damages, because he broke the rope.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Her Devotion.

"I wish Maria's lover were more of a Christian; it's very little time he spends on his knees, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps not, but Maria's doing all she can for him. Why I hear she spends hours on his knees herself."—Harlem Life.

Getting There. She-Mr. Jqueezer, you are entirely too

familiar. I do not know you well enough yet.

He (after a prolonged pause)—Do you know me sufficiently well now?

She—Yes, George.—Harrard Lampoon.